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BY ELI D. AKE. OUR GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND TRUTH: TERMS—$1.50 a Year, in Advance

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Some Things I Saw in the City.

Ed. Regster—While I sat on the Eads bridge, and looked at the steam ferry boats cross and re-cross, it brought to mind my first crossing on a steam ferry at that place, with a pair of horses and buggy. At that time, the river was just twice as wide as at the present time. That point of land on which rests the Eads bridge, was at that time, an island in the middle of the Mississippi river. At that time the island was covered with trees, and was called Bloody Island. How many duels have been fought on that island, I do not know; but a good many have. In the old, early days, men who thought much of their standing in society, did not let an opportunity pass without resenting any slight or insult. Anything that had a tendency to lower themselves in the eyes of the community, and especially in the eyes of the ladies, was promptly met with a challenge to deadly combat. And if the party challenged, refused to meet, he was branded as a coward, which meant to be cut off from all good society. A coward better be dead and done with it; for a man was dead politically, morally and financially: an outcast. But if he met and killed his man, all of his sins, of whatsoever kind (in the eyes of the community) were all forgiven, and was the hero of the day.

But as I sat and looked, what a change has taken place in these last forty-five years. At that time, there was a little village of about a dozen houses, called Illinois Town. Just at the upper end of the island, on the Illinois side, the wagon road went on the bank of the river. On the opposite side of the road was a very dense growth of young cottonwood trees; just room for a road between the grove and the river bank. The bank was some twenty feet above the water. At one place the land had slid in and taken part of the wagon track. When we came to that place, I tell you we felt pretty small. How did we know but the next minute another slide would take place? We saw that since the slide a wagon had passed along, although one of the wheels had slid down the bank a few inches as it passed. Well, we thought if somebody had passed perhaps we could, but we felt pretty small and creepy about that time. I don't believe I would have risked it, only there was an awfully pretty girl way up the river I wanted to see pretty bad, and then you khow the old adage: "A faint heart ne'er won lady fair."

And now when I look over to that side of the river, what a change I see; all of that part of the river filled up and a larger city than St. Louis was at that day. What a change! What is that passage where it says, "By faith thou shalt remove mountains." Well, Mr. Editor, faith with works has not only removed mountains, but filled up rivers and built large cities with the mountains and over the rivers.

Then as I turned my eyes from the land and looked along the levee, how different then the levee was, lined with great boats from all parts of the country. At that time, you would see, at this same time of the day, (about four or five o'clock) such a hurrying and hollowing, such running to fro, drays with merchandise, hacks and buses loaded with passengers; men, women and children all hurrying to get on board—some going up the river, some going down, As you stood and looked you saw boat after boat, with dense fogs of smoke passing out of those tall chimneys, and great bells ringing. How it used to stir the blood in one's veins, as each boat crew hauled in her shore planks to the sound of some old river song, by their blacks. You almost felt you were in an enchanted land.

In those days, all of the great boats in the Southern trade, were manned with slaves, and how those slaves did enjoy themselves; the happiest beings on earth. Sing? they could not shove a stick of wood in the fire under those great boilers without singing. What a sight to see just before sundown, a dozen or fifteen of those great big boats back out in mid stream. They always made me think of some of those lakes in the heart of Africa. The great elephants, hippopatamus and rhinoceros playing in the depths as they churned the water with their great side wheels.

Oh, it was such a grand sight! I can never, no never, forget those good old boating days. And oh, how fast our thoughts fly, and how many things we had not thought of for years, come up so fresh and in such rapid succession. And then such splendid times at supper, seated at those long tables, loaded with the best the world afforded. The dining hall, or rather saloon, all lighted with the brightest lights, with hundreds of little prisms, filling the whole space with light. Ladies dressed in the most costly fabrics, adorned with richest diamonds, and all the precious stones. About eight or nine o'clock, the band would commence playing, which was the signal for choosing partners, and such dancing; dance after dance, way into the small hours of the night. Oh, how fast we think all those scenes over again.

Before I leave the boat scenes, I must speak of one of those things that often occurred in those days. One day in going down the river, we met a boat hard and fast on a sand bar. As our boat came alongside, our band played, "Oh, what can the matter be." The band on the grounded boat replied, "A sittin' on a rail." As the band stopped, the darkey deck hands took up the refrain, and sang a song as only darkies can sing:

"A sittin' on dat rail,
A sittin' on dat r-a-i-l,
And did you neber see a bugger boo
A sittin' on a r-a-i-l."

I tell you it sounded grand. And as thought passed thought my mind all forgetful of my surroundings, Charley said, "Well, let's go." At the sound of his voice, how all of those early scenes vanished—like the fog before the morning. When I came to myself and to the present, and looked around me, saw most all of those boats and people, and all of that hurry and bustle had gone like the mists. All was quiet save a half dozen small boats and the ferry boats.

I find the rail roads have nearly destroyed the river traffic and river passenger travel. Too slow for this hurrying, rushing age. I heard a man say, "I wish they would find some way to send passengers through a tube, or some way of annihilating time." Seal a man up in a casket and send him through a tube, while he takes a short nap! No, sir, I don't care about being hurried through this world quite so fast. We will get through quick enough if we only behave ourselves. Life is too short as it is, if we do live out our appointed time, if we improve the talents God has given us. No, sir, I am in no hurry; life is very pleasant to me. We read every few days, of some one taking his own life. I always thought that was folishness. A coward, afraid to live to face trouble. No, the steeper the hill, bend down to it and push the harder; adopt the motto of old Davy Crocket; "Be sure you are right, then go ahead." T. P. R.

The Only Remedy.

The Mayor of Pittsburgh has undertaken to solve the most terrible of social problems by the simple method of closing up summarily the disorderly houses of that town. He makes the experiment at the demand of ministers and other citizens that he enforce the law against such resorts in its extreme severity, the charge having been made that by tolerating the evil the Pittsbugh police were practically licensing it.

The same charge is made against the police of New York. They are accused of winking at vice. The public, even, know of its existence, for it cannot be kept secret. It leaves an indelible mark on the faces and manners of the women who minister to it. Generally they are easily recognizable in the streets by all men. They must have homes from which to hail, and those places cannot be respectable. The very admission of such women to a house gives it the taint of disrepute, whether the other inmates be orderly or disorderly. But as it is in New York, so it is in every great city of Christendom, except that here this vice is less, proportionately to the population, and it is not manifested so openly as abroad. It has also been here from the very foundation of the town, and under every police administration. The reports of the Police Superintendents of forty and fifty years ago show that it was tolerated then to an even greater extent than now, and was far more offensive in its display. The police have never attempted to conceal it. However much they might have tried, they could not have hidden it.

This police toleration of the vice the Mayor of Pittsburgh has now stopped peremptorily. He has ordered every vicious resort te be closed up. Superintendent Byrnes might undoubtedly do the same in New York. The situation of such houses is a matter of common repute, and the police are accustomed to deal with them according to this general reputation without being too scrupulous in exacting absolute and specific evidence of their character. Every one of them could be shut up to-night without any stretch of authority which would get the police into trouble, and all the inmates might be brought before the Police Justices tomorrow morning. Why, then, is not the raid made? The practical results of the experiment of the Pittsburgh Mayor explain why. They also show why just and enlightened public sentiment would not justify the police in a proceeding so violent. These places do not create vice. Vice creates them. If their wretched inmates are driven out of the houses in which they now live, they must find residences elsewhere. Even if they were all killed or sent to prison for life, their place would be supplied by the same infamy of men which sent them down into degradation, and the police could no more stop the source of the new supply than they could dam up the source of the old. They can punish the existing feminine victims, but they cannot whiten the black hearts of the masculine despoilers which keep up their numbers in a fixed ratio to the whole population.

The truth is that men are ashamed to make a woman alone punishable for an offence of which a man is equally guilty. It is not fair. It outrages the sense of justice in men. If society is determined to cure this terrible disease, it must cease to discriminate between men and women after its present fashion. It must impose the same legal and social penalties on both the sinning man and the sinning woman. It must make the vice equally punishable by whichever practised. The sense of justice in men is already put to a painful strain even by the restraining severity of the police upon these wretched victims of masculine lust, and if the treatment of them is made as cruel as Parkhurst desires, every instinct of justice and manhood will rise up in indignant revolt.

That is the explanation of the public consent to the toleration of the social evil. The police merely represent the sentiment of the men. The necessity of providing safeguards for the public health and public order requires a discrimination against the women which in itself is a harsh punishment, and the social ostracism to which they must submit is a powerful deterrent from vice that is not applied to their seducers and associates among men.

Hence this toleration must continue in the form of secluding the evil so far as practicable, or it must be replaced by the direct legal recognition and licensing of vice as a social necessity so long as the moral standards of vast numbers of men remain as they are now. That is the alternative. Both courses are shameful enough to men, but men will not add to their load of shame the consciousness of committing the further outrages on the weak and defenceless which Parkhurst and his sensational allies would impose on them.

The only effectual cure for the disease is to raise the moral standard of men, and it is a remedy to be applied by the Church and not by the State. Make all men good and there will be no bad women. Even as it is, vice is rare among women as compared with men.—*N. Y. Sun.*

One of The Yellowstone Wonders.

Major Jones, Government engineer in charge of the improvement of the Missippi and tributaries, and in charge of the roads and waters of the Yellowston Park, is just back from an exploring tour through the Shoshone range of mountains, which skirts the park on the east. He was shown by a rancher a barometer spring, and found it to be one of the most wonderful freaks of nature ever discovered. The Major yesterday gave this account of his trip and the spring:

"Soda Butte is a mound of travertine on a small creek in the northeast portion of the park. It was formed by the deposition of sediment from a calcareous spring similar to those at Mammoth Springs. The spring is now dead, but along the creek just below are several small ones highly charged with gases and salts of sulphur, soda &c.

"One of these has developed into a peculiarity that is decidedly unique. Passing by it recently in the midst of a severe storm, I was struck with the peculiar blackness of the sediment upon the bottom of the spring and the short outlet which leads its waters into the creek. Just then a rancher came along, and, seeing me, said:

"'See my barometer? That spring is the finest barometer in the United States. When it's going to rain, or raise h—l with the weather, that spring gives the hull snap away by turnin' black all over its bottom. Otherwise its bottom is all the same as the lillies of the field, mister. The gray of the mornin' and the roses and pinks of the evenin' kinder get mixed and mingled all over it, and she's a daisy then. The bottom turns whiter than the swan when its goin' to snow; redder than a volcano when its goin' to be hot: greener than an emerld when a tenderfoot looks in it.'

"I thought he was telling me a fairy story. A month later found me again at the spring. The day was semi-clear but fine. Ominous little clouds were gathering in the upper sky, and it was getting to be something of a question what was coming. Snow in the mountains in November is something serious.

"'Going to have a little change in the weather,' suggested I to the rancher, who stood near me.

"'Not much pardner: barometer says no.'

"I went to the spring. The blackness was wholly gone, and in its place was the pearly gray of the morning, while in the outlet the gray was softly blended with delicate hues of pink and carmine. It was beautiful to the eye, but the fumes of hydro-sulphuric acid were unbearable.

"It is a very curious fact that the sediment from this spring changes color with the changes of weather.

"When mother earth wrinkled out the Rocky Mountains, there was left a very soft and tender spot in the region where the Yellowstone Park now lies. Here her surface crust of rock was softened from close contact with the heat which is supposed to hold her interior in a fluid condition, and there was a raging of volcanoes through craters and fissures many miles in length. The face of nature must have been a lurid show in those days. Great rivers of melted rock flowed down the mountain sides, spread over great areas of valley and plain, and incidentally piled up the greatest of all the wonders of the park, the Shoshone Mountains. This range is mass of peaks, in width about sixty miles, in length more than a hundred, which are almost wholly composed of lava. It lies in apparently horizontal beds cut into mighty canons by the streams, and peculiarly weathered into the vertical cliffs which generally cap the summits of the peaks. I have measured a thickness of over 5,000 feet of lava among these lofty peaks, which reach with considerable uniformity altitudes of 10,000 to 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. The mountain walls are weathered into peculiar shapes of colossal magnitude, making the scenery novel and magnificent.

"The record of the rocks shows no place in all the earth where so much volcanic energy has been expended, and the geysers and springs now in action are considered to be part of the dying throes of the pent-up spirit of volcanoes."—*St. Paul Globe.*